

THE
Mirror of the Stage;
 AND
 NEW THEATRICAL INQUISITOR.



"To hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature;
 To show virtue her own feature; scorn her own image;
 And the very age and body o' th' times its form and pressure."

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MR. THOMAS COBHAM.

The subject of our present Memoir was born in London in the year 1786. His father was a gentleman of great and varied attainments in art and science, and was particularly distinguished as an algebraist, mathematician and architectural draughtsman. His mother having been unfortunately left a widow before any profession had been selected for our hero, and having some near relatives who followed the business of Printing, wished her son should be placed under their care. In pursuance of this wish, Mr. COBHAM was received by a cousin, Mr. Joseph Aspin, an eminent printer, and author of several ingenious works. By this gentleman's instruction he profited so much, that he was, in a short time entrusted with the correction of the press. In the course of his avocations in this way, several voluminous works passed through his hands; amongst the rest, an octavo edition of Shakspeare, which he read conjointly with the celebrated Edmund Malone. The valuable observations of this ingenious commentator on the text of our "immortal Bard," sank deeply into the mind of our hero, and gave a facility to his Shaksperian studies, which proved of infinite advantage to him when he afterwards embraced the arduous profession

of an actor. At this time the late Mr. George Cooke was playing in London, and Mr. COBHAM having witnessed that actor's inimitable performance of *Shylock*, it made an impression upon his mind so intense, that he could think of nothing but the picture which the actor had drawn of the inexorable Jew. So powerful was this *Shylock-mania*, that he became a member of a private theatre

"Where 'prenticed Kings alarm'd the gaping street," for the purpose of gratifying his long cherished desire of attempting to portray upon a stage this difficult character.—After encountering many obstacles, an opportunity was at length afforded, and never did mortal feel more happy than did our youthful hero, when he found himself arrayed in the "Jewish gabardine." The applause which was bestowed upon Mr. COBHAM for this premature effort (he had not then reached his seventeenth year) determined his future destination, and he resolved to submit to the public his histrionic pretensions, as soon as he could procure an engagement.—Upon the boards of the private theatre where our hero made his first essay, and which was in Lamb's Conduit-street, another actor of the

present day made also his first attempt. This actor is Mr. Kean, who, at the early age of thirteen, recited there, "Alexander's Feast," and Lewis's poem of "Alonzo and Imogen." From this theatre, Kean was engaged to recite at the Lyceum, and to give his assistance in elucidating an entertainment of singular scenic beauty, called "The Egyptian," in which Milton's "L'Allegro" was embodied by instantaneous scenic changes, Mr. Kean delivering the text, which he did with most felicitous expression. To return to the subject of this Memoir—Mr. COBHAM's first public essay took place at Watford, in Hertfordshire, fifteen miles from the metropolis. The company assembled at this place was collected by Mr. Jerrold, father of the late York Manager. The members for the most part were young in their calling, but we are to infer that they possessed considerable talent, for most of them have risen to eminence in their profession. Among them was the late Mr. Oxberry, whose rich comic powers were here first called into action. From Watford the company went to St. Albans, at which place (Mr. C. being suddenly called to London) Mr. Kean succeeded to the truncheon with which the former was, for a time, reluctantly obliged to part. Mr. COBHAM's next engagement was at Margate, which was succeeded by one at Guernsey, in Mr. Hughes's company, with which he returned to England for the theatres of Exeter and Weymouth. During the season that Mr. COBHAM was at Weymouth, his late Majesty honored that place with his presence, and visited the theatre every evening. It unfortunately happened that at this time a cataract had formed on one of his Majesty's eyes, yet though obliged to wear a green shade, and suffering much from the lights of the theatre, he continued his visits to the last evening of his stay; on which occasion Mr. COBHAM (it being his benefit) was honored with the Royal Command. This was the last night his Majesty ever attended a

theatre. Our hero next went to Woolwich, where he sustained a curiously diversified line of business—first tragedian—first singer—light and low comedian, and the motley hero of pantomime.

An occurrence took place at the close of the Woolwich season, which we consider not unworthy of record, on account of the *Dramatis Personæ* who were concerned in it.—Mr. Stanley, a member of the company, availing himself of the proffered services of Miss Smith, (Mrs. Bartley,) then in the zenith of her reputation at Covent Garden, wished to take a second benefit; the manager, however, refused to afford him any facilities for the purpose, and closing the theatre, discharged the company. Mr. Stanley, however, was not to be driven from his purpose by such trifling difficulties as the want of a theatre, wardrobe, and actors; and well knowing the value of Miss Smith's assistance, he offered Mr. COBHAM a share of the profits, provided he would give his aid in getting up the Tragedy of *Douglas*. This being agreed upon, a large room at the Navy Tavern was taken—a few dresses were borrowed, and permission for a night's performance obtained of the ruling powers—as to scenery, that was wholly out of the question. The great difficulty was to make up the *Dramatis Personæ*. To effect this a journey to London was determined upon, and here Mr. COBHAM had the good fortune to meet Mr. Kean, whose name at that time had not shone so brightly as it has since done in the theatrical hemisphere, and who was then in want of employment. The part of *Young Norval* was offered to him, and a compensation for his night's services; both were gladly accepted, and Mr. COBHAM thus reinforced returned to Woolwich, having procured also the aid of Mr. Chapman, of Covent Garden. The cast of the play stood thus:—*Young Norval*, Kean; *Old Norval*, Stanley; *Glenalvon*, Cobham; *Lord Randolph*, Chapman; and *Lady*

Randolph, Miss Smith. When the night came, and this lady arrived, she with difficulty restrained her risible faculties, at the novelty of her situation. She found herself suddenly transported from the immense and brilliant stage of the metropolis, to a room dimly lighted by a few candles, where, with a simplicity worthy the age of Shakspeare, the sacred barrier which should divide the audience from the actors, was literally nothing more or less than the curtain appertaining to the window of the room—which, being hung upon a string, was so contrived as to be capable of being drawn to or fro as occasion required. The brilliancy of the acting, however, compensated for all other defects. At the end of the play, Miss Smith spoke "Collins's Ode on the Passions." Mr. Kean recited "Alonzo and Imogen," and Mr. COBHAM sang two comic songs to chase away the tears with which the woes of *Lady Randolph* had bedewed the cheeks of the auditors.

From Woolwich Mr. C. went to Portsmouth, and thence as actor and stage-manager to Salisbury, at which place he received in marriage the hand of a Miss Drake, then the leading actress of the company. This lady was a native of Devonshire, where some of her family held very considerable estates, and where many of its branches still reside. Mr. and Mrs. C. were now engaged by Mr. Russell, for Oxford, and Mr. C. had the good fortune to reap many laurels on that classic ground.

The metropolis at length became the object of Mr. COBHAM's aim, and he appeared at the West London Theatre, as the hero of a romance called *Marmion*, dramatized from Scott's poem by Mr. Oxberry, with so much success, that the piece had a run of thirty or forty nights. He played afterwards at the Surrey, and subsequently at the Royalty, sustaining the principal characters in the whole range of the drama. The part, however, in which he particularly attracted public notice at this time was, *Richard*—So successful was

he, that the recollection of Garrick's having laid the foundation of his fame and fortune in the same place, and in this character, was revived, and created an interest for our hero which attracted the attention of one of the winter managers. This was Mr. Harris, upon whose treasury the success of Mr. Kean at the other House had an effect very perceptible, and in no way to be slighted. In an interview which the Covent Garden Patentee requested with Mr. COBHAM, he offered him a handsome sum for two night's performances, and an engagement for three years at an advancing salary from twelve pounds, should his success with the town be complete. The part selected for his appearance was *Richard*, and our readers will readily admit, that Mr. Kean's great popularity at the other house in this character, rendered the attempt of it by any other person one of peculiar hazard. Two gentlemen had essayed the performance of it in the course of the season, upon the Covent Garden boards, but with no success. Mr. Kemble and Mr. Young had both declined the contest, and Mr. COBHAM was now brought into the field, somewhat against his own judgment, but strongly encouraged by the opinion of his friends. Whatever of diffidence Mr. COBHAM might have felt in the undertaking, it was in no way lessened by a circumstance which took place previous to his performance. On the morning of the day upon the evening of which he was to set his all upon a cast, he received several anonymous notes, apprizing him that several parties had been formed for the purpose of rendering his attempt abortive, nay, one went so far as to assert that above seventy clerks in a public office were to be marshalled in a body, and to proceed to the theatre to put at rest, by their clamour, all his pretensions to public favor. Mr. COBHAM was disposed to treat the information which had been thus conveyed to him with little attention; but when the evening's performance commenced he found

that his anonymous correspondents had been correct. Before the end of his first soliloquy, several persons who had been dispersed through the house, made a simultaneous attack upon him, and continued, by every species of annoyance of which they were masters, to intimidate the actor, notwithstanding that they were repeatedly put down by the majority of the house. The uproar which these proceedings caused, served of course to mar the performance;—but in the hope that this sort of persecution would be discontinued, the play was given out for a second representation. Upon this occasion the same attempt was made to annoy our hero; but the numbers of the opposing party being less numerous than on the former night, they were kept tolerably quiet until half price, when they gained a considerable accession of strength by the entrance of many of those who had attended upon the former evening. The good sense, however, of the house prevailed, and the majority of the pit, in order to mark their indignation of this unworthy treatment, arose from their seats and cheered our hero with encouraging and enthusiastic plaudits. After this expression of good feeling, Mr. COBHAM continued his career triumphantly, and without interruption (save applause) to the end of the tragedy. In the tent scene he was honored with nine rounds of applause! An opinion prevailed that this opposition was organized and supported by “The Wolves”—a club of which Mr. Kean was the president. Mr. COBHAM, we know, has sternly resisted any attempt to persuade him that this was the case; whenever he has been spoken to upon the subject, he has always said that he felt confident that Mr. Kean would not seek to drive a rival from the field by means so base. From Covent Garden Mr. COBHAM returned to the East London Theatre, being under articles to the Proprietors, and continued playing there with great success. It happened that Mr. Jones, the late Patentee, arrived in London for the purpose of recruiting his forces at the pe-

riod when Mr. COBHAM's articles with his employers in the East had nearly expired, and having heard much of his ability, he was induced to witness his performance of Shakspeare's *King John*, with which he was so well satisfied, that he proposed to him an engagement for Crow Street, at his first salary—making Mrs. COBHAM a liberal offer at the same time. Mr. COBHAM having accepted Mr. Jones's terms, made his first bow to an Irish audience at Crow Street, December, 1817, in the character of *Sir Giles Overreach*, in Massinger's play of “*A new way to pay old Debts*,” in which he was very favorably received. His next part was *Bertram*, in Mr. Maturin's tragedy of that name. He repeated the latter character several times, and for his performance of it was very highly complimented by the talented author. It rarely happens that tragic actors are found useful in the operatic department of the theatre. This gentleman's musical talents however are of no mean order. He has played *Macheath* at Crow Street, more than once—and on one occasion he was called upon, and earnestly entreated, to do the part of *Lord William*, in the ‘*Haunted Tower*,’ in consequence of Mr. Horn's sudden illness, and when no other play could well be substituted. So well did he acquit himself that he was *encored* in several of his songs, one of which was the difficult bravura of, “*Spirit of my Sainted Sire*.” Mr. Jones considered Mr. COBHAM's exertions upon this occasion so well deserving of reward, that in a letter which he wrote to him the next morning to thank him for his services, he inclosed, with his usual liberality, a bank note for twenty-five pounds. When Mr. Harris obtained the patent, Mr. COBHAM was engaged at the new theatre, where he became a decided favorite, and from which he has now succeeded for a very liberal engagement at the Coburg Theatre. This however is but for a limited period. His reception on his re-appearance in London must be calculated to renew Mr. C.'s old feelings of metropolitan fame.

MINOR-IES, No. 12.

Mr. ROWBOTHAM.

"Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo!—'Tis confest." *Night Thoughts.*

THIS gentleman is at the head of that *corps* of actors denominated "useful;" like the *Duke Aranza's* cottage furniture, serving a dozen purposes with equal propriety. Every circumstance in this world of events proves that there is no perfection to be found: that a man cannot wholly be *de facto* a man.—If we take a bundle of asparagus, we shall find that the vegetable, though at first eight similar throughout, differs most materially in every distinct sprout; each brings some peculiarity—so with actors.—Although the line of utility and propriety is filled to excess, yet every common-place and sensible actor shews forth some illustration of mediocrity. Now, Mr. ROWBOTHAM is correct, persecutingly correct. He speaks and acts by compass and rule—he is a turner of syllables to an indescribable fineness—there is no fancy-work; it is all plain and smooth, yet still without point—it is the carved work of a bed post.—(WATKINS BURROUGHS now, is an imaginative turner of tobacco-stoppers;) ponderous and massive; threatening extermination rather than a tickling.—In the "heavy business" he lends an additional weight, and the accumulated force is immense. In the fathers, ROWBOTHAM is extremely respectable. As a grey-headed old gentleman despoiled of "one fair daughter, whom he loves passing well," by the nameless insinuations of a German Baron, or English Esquire, he delineates paternal affliction, and deals forth Rowland Hill-exclamation feelingly and clerically. By the bye, now all this money is being expended for new

churches, we wish ROWBOTHAM could get an appointment, and would, if we had interest, introduce a petition to that effect.—ROWBOTHAM as Lecturer, and ABBOTT, of the Garden, to sermonize, would indeed form a "concord of sweet sounds"—first

"Olympus high,
Ducking again as low as hell's from heaven."

BUT ROWBOTHAM, as we before stated, is most correct: counts "one" at a comma, and stops as short at a period as the Vicar's horse at the *Red Lion*.—There is too much method in him, certainly; and when he attempts to be comic, we may ask with *Japhet*,—

"Why dost thou laugh that horrid laugh?"

As an actor of propriety, ROWBOTHAM is unrivalled.—"Point device" from the bag of his wig to the polish of his boot-heel, he walks the sacred figure of respectability; but we must assure him, that the thunder which sometimes accompanies him does not in the least conduce to his importance, because it is not legitimate thunder—it is only the sound of marbles against sheet-iron.—We identify ROWBOTHAM with vigorous old age: the gnarled oak, boisterous in nakedness, and we wish, with all the imperfections of this actor, that the Minor Theatre had more of his quality; it would give much good sense to the loss of bad English, and pretending impudence. ROWBOTHAM, in the tragedy of *Alasco*, was particularly good—but Mr. R. never play a lover, at least, on the stage—you have nothing like "Hyperion curls;" or even could Messrs. Truefit or Coates furnish them, you have no "front of Jove" to place them on.—Always be a father, or an old bachelor with a brown coat and oaken baton.

a.

Theatrical Diary.

DRURY-LANE.

July 1st, *Heir at Law*, *Sylvester Daggerwood*, *Turn Out*—2nd, *Man and Wife*, *Revolt of the Greeks*—3rd, *Man of the World*, *Falls of Clyde*—5th,

Liar, Monsieur Tonson, Mayor of Garratt—8th, Way to get Married, Falls of Clyde—7th, Every one has his Fault, What Next—8th, Man of the World, Revolt of the Greeks—9th, Liar, Falls of Clyde—10th, Hypocrite, Revolt of the Greeks—12th, Review, Monsieur Tonson, Miller's Maid—13th, Simpson and Co. Falls of Clyde, Revolt of the Greeks—14th, Two Wives, Liar, Revolt of the Greeks—15th, Belle's Stratagem, Miller's Maid—16th, Belle's Stratagem, Three and the Deuce—17th, Hypocrite, Two Wives, Miller's Maid—19th, She Stoops to Conquer, Two Wives, Falls of Clyde—20th, Poor Gentleman, What Next—21st, Hypocrite, Citizen—22nd, Dramatist, Citizen—23rd, Belle's Stratagem, Sleeping Draught—24th, Liar, Citizen, Miller's Maid.

The success of the celebrated **CATALANI** at this house, has been undoubtedly commensurate with the high reputation she has for so many years sustained, and the expectations which had been excited by her appearance; yet, we fear, it has scarcely recompensed the adventurous spirit of **Mr. ELLISTON** in determining on such an experiment, at such a period of the season. This experiment wore in the first instance, the face of that liberality and promptitude which appear to characterize the proceedings at Drury Lane; and **Mr. E.** might be considered entitled to public acknowledgment for bringing this extraordinary singer upon the boards of "the first theatre in Europe." Let us look again.—**Mr. ELLISTON** knew that without some expedient of a red-letter-paragraph nature, he should be unable to prolong his season beyond the given period, and consequently that the two summer theatres would be enjoying for a few weeks that exclusive patronage, which selfishness and monopoly could alone infringe upon. Thus **Mr. E.** has been giving us his *Rover*, and *Vapid*, *Young Wilding*, and things which nobody has ever seen in the world, to accomplish his encroachments; and thus **MADAME CATALANI** has been engaged. Her efforts have confessedly been most triumphant. That she is an accomplished and extraordinary singer is not to be denied; yet (**Mr. ELLISTON** and fine taste forgive us!) we

would rather hear a single note of the sweetness and simplicity of **Miss TREE**, than the more intricate triumphs of intonation; they lead the mind into a scientific maze of ornament and witchcraft, and when released to habitual thinking, it only

"Puzzled nature much to know what art meant."

The indisposition of such a *star*, however, called on one evening for a speech from **Mr. ELLISTON**, and his parliamentary predilection was manifested in no usual degree: he assured the audience that "if they knew the anxiety which **MADAME CATALANI** had evinced, they would be delighted,"—for **Mr. E.** will say audience, though there be none present; and he will *speak* though the red benches of the pit stare him in the face, and blush for his, and their own, emptiness! Perhaps there is no man in the world so completely professional as is **Mr. ELLISTON**: he was born an **ACTOR**; he cannot but act: nature formed him to look, speak, and move, as if he felt—but not to feel.

BELLE'S STRATAGEM.

The only novelty which demands notice, is the performance of this comedy, and the debut of **Miss I. PATON**, as *Letitia Hardy*. The success of this young lady has given full realization to the promise which her name had afforded. Her appearance at the close of the season should be considered rather as a trial of her powers, than as a just criterion of their develop-

ment. Her capabilities are in their spring, and they peer forth with the highest promise; but her representations of the parts she has sustained, would be better regarded as *dress rehearsals*, than as perfect and qualified performances. We do not say, that Miss I. PATON has made a premature appearance; but we think that a few months more of well-directed application, would *sanctify* and establish the charm, which at present is transitory and imperfect. She does not want self-possession, she does not want conception; but she seems to want *thought*,—she does not afford sufficient time for the proper unfolding of what should be quite palpable, the *meaning* that is intended to be conveyed. The mind of this young actress may, we think, be moulded for great accomplishment. Her features and person are pleasing, her voice even musical; she dances, and sings; and above all, she has a natural elegance and humour. Her *Letitia Hardy* has too much *fine-ladyism*; she is deficient in sincerity; her first scene with *Doricourt*, where she deceives him by an assumption of idiocy, was the best; because as the most important, it had been most studied. Her subsequent interviews were less successful—they were indistinct and powerless, because the actress had conceived

there was little to effect, and she became *merely elegant*—there might be something more.—Upon the whole, it was a performance which gives the most favourable assurance of the future. ELLISTON'S *Doricourt* is in his most brilliant style; he is, however, at times strangely mysterious—his tones “in hollow murmurs die away,” that the latter part of a sentence is inaudible. He has a habit too of reminding us in some way that he is the lessee of the house. DOWTON'S *Old Hardy* was humourously foreseeing, and the *Flutter* of BROWNE whimsically superficial. We had imagined that *Courtall*, though a coxcomb, had something like the manners of a gentleman—Mr. MERCER thinks otherwise. The *Sir George Touchwood* of ARCHER was sensibly acted, but it is not sufficiently distinct from his melodrama. *Sir George* was justified in his apprehensions for *Lady Frances*, for Mrs. ORGER rendered her peculiarly fascinating. Mrs. HARLOWE, as *Lady Racket*, made the airs of fashion as ridiculous as any modish lady could desire. We could not forbear laughing as we left the theatre at the very eccentric manner in which Mr. THOMPSON announced the performances of the ensuing evening. Has this person ever entered a drawing-room?

COVENT-GARDEN.

July 1st, *School for Scandal*, *Forest of Bondy*—2nd, *John Bull*, *Cent. per Cent.*—3rd, *School of Reform*, *Irish Tutor*, *Hunter of the Alps*—6th, *Henry IV. Forty Thieves*—6th, *Town and Country*, *Irish Widow*, *Ella Rosenberg*—7th, *All in the Wrong*, *Forest of Bondy*—8th, *Clandestine Marriage*, *High Life Below Stairs*—9th, *West Indian*, *Presumption*—10th, *Inconstant*, *Charles the Second*—12th, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Presumption*—13th, *John Bull*, *Presumption*—14th, *Comedy of Errors*, *Ella Rosenberg*—15th, *School for Scandal*, *Padlock*—16th, *School of Reform*, *Hunter of the Alps*—17th, *Much Ado About Nothing*, *Charles the Second*—19th, *Battle of Edington*, *Love A-la-mode*.

ALL IN THE WRONG.

This admirable comedy, (or rather its admirable representation)

if revived at an earlier period of the season, would doubtless have been very attractive, but GARRICK

himself would scarcely have drawn a house where there are so many claimants on public partiality. It was owing to this circumstance, more than to the intense heat of the weather, that we were introduced to a very "thinly scattered" audience on the performance of "*All in the Wrong*." It is a piece which requires the aid of very energetic acting to relieve it, though it has some good situation, with much pointed dialogue—and it received for the most part, all the advantage which high talents can supply. This was not, however, perceptible in every character, but the acting of JONES and C. KEMBLE counterbalanced all deficiency. We witness comedies sometimes into which a half dozen of our most distinguished favorites shall be crowded, and after all we see the act-drop descend, and wish it were the green curtain—but here were only two, of any title to distinction, yet the prompter's bell rang, and found us longing for another act. The *Sir John Restless* of JONES, is in the happiest style of that gentleman's performances; his manner of staring at *Beverley*, comparing his features with those of the miniature he has taken from his wife, would of itself have sent an audience home in good humour. But perhaps we should award a greater degree of praise to Mr. KEMBLE for transforming a mere walking gentleman, the very Mr. BAKER of the comedy, into something as exquisitely humorous as any thing which at this moment occurs to our mind. Every-day actors would have read the part—KEMBLE played it. Yet *Beverley* lost no atom of his "walking gentleman" propensities, in being converted to mirth-making, and exciting a few peals of irresistible laughter; nor was his throwing down the hat, and kicking it in a

moment of ludicrous passion, a coarseness or a caricature—on the contrary, it was the effect of an undefined and (*we feel*) a very natural impulse. Who does not, in an ebullition of the heart, seek revenge upon some inanimate object, by overturning a chair, or flinging the ink-stand upon the delicate hues of the hearti-rog. His acting too, on being discovered in close conference with *Lady Restless*, and his answer to the repeated good wishes of *Sir John*, "Sir, I wish YOU a good day,"—were, if we may use such a phrase, *sublimely* laughable. Of the remainder, we will say little. EGER-TON and BAKER looked like the thick and thin through which our five (or seven) senses were obliged to wade. The *Lady Restless* of Miss CHESTER was a counterfeit edition of her *Mrs. Oakley*; there is too much art in Miss CHESTER'S acting—it is all face and figure, though it must be confessed that they are dazzling—oh! nature, nature, how art thou unnaturalized! Mrs. CHATTERLY, as *Belinda*, though not of course free from affectation, was graceful and unassuming—unassuming!—well, unassuming.

FRANKENSTEIN

Has been represented once or twice at this house. The poetical tenor of the romance is wholly abandoned by the melo-dramatist; and the piece is a mere story of goblins and strange words: it has replenished the stock of the nursery-maid, and flashes most indecently in the eyes of Church of Englandism. The romantic and imaginative conceptions of COOKE render it endurable—indeed the piece could not have been played without him,—he is "the be-all and the end-all" of *tragi-pantomime*. BENNET, as the mistaken *Frankenstein*, was sufficiently mys-

terious and monotonous, and Mr. KEELEY, in *Fritz*, prated about "his cow" with something like a filial partiality. The whole performance seemed little understood, and less relished.

This evening, after a performance to which our repeated praises can alone do justice, the *Benedict* of Mr. C. KEMBLE, (we fancied nay we felt, that the spirit of SHAKSPEARE was present with us, perceptible to no vulgar vision, but to the "mind's eye,") the usual address was recited by Mr. FAWCETT—we say, the usual address, because these things are manufactured like FALSTAFF's letters, with blanks left for circumstance to fill up.

This theatre was re-opened somewhat unexpectedly on Monday evening for a benefit, and was filled by an elegant auditory. Mr. Penn's tragedy of the "*Battle of Eddington*," (of which our Windsor correspondent spoke so highly) was, we understand, but indifferently acted—we had not the pleasure of seeing it, in consequence of other and to us more important duties preventing our visit to the theatre until a late hour.

After the tragedy, a musical something (it matters little what its play bill cognomen was) took place, in which Miss MELVILLE and Mr. MEAR's sung some pleasing airs. JOHN REEVE, "whose absence on his promise lays some blame," was *non est* Buckingham of the Surrey, gave very modestly some excellent imitations; those we noticed as particularly striking, were of KEAN, HARLEY, and the late RAE—he was loudly and justly applauded and encored—we have no favouritism to indulge, no partiality we wish gratified, but we have long

considered, and still think, that this gentleman's talents are not appreciated as their merits deserve:—we hope to see him, next season, many times, on these, or the boards of old Drury—and could name many who rank higher with a great deal less merit.

The farce of "*Love A-la-mode*" followed, but the time has long since gone by for its pungent humour to be properly relished; we have neither Israelites in embroidery, or jockey lords who rival the Buckles of our day—Scotchmen are reduced to plain money-getting people, and Irishmen something better than fortune-hunters. We are not old enough to describe the effect of this piece, when its author gave consequence to the farce by his own excellent acting, but we can refer back with pleasure for the day when COOKE, JOHNSTON, LEWIS, and SIMMONS, gave it a celebrity which intrinsically it had no claim to; but these are awkward recollections for the mimic heroes of Monday evening. Mr. GRAHAM, as *Sir Archy*, seemed to have a tolerable idea of the character, and a good accent, but omitted to give variety to his tones, which made his dialogue appear unpleasantly monotonous. WARD's *Sir Callaghan* exhibited a good brogue, but was a careless, and consequently a less effective performance than we anticipated had he not sung, his efforts would have harmonized better with our feelings. *Squire Groom* and *Beau Mordecai* were both good, the former sufficiently voluble and stubbleish, the latter adequately puppyish. The lady was "not worth the winning," and her sire fitted for such an offspring—*similis simili gaudet*!

HAYMARKET.

July 1st, *Sweethearts and Wives*, *Fish out of Water*—2nd. *Every one has his Fault*, *Roland for an Oliver*—3rd, *Way to keep Him*, *Mrs. Smith*, *Simpson*

and Co.—5th, *Twelve Precisely, Sweethearts and Wives, Fish out of Water*—6th, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths, Exchange no Robbery, Two Strings to your Bow*—7th, *Seeing is Believing, Sweethearts and Wives, Two Strings to your Bow*—8th, *She Stoops to Conquer, Mrs. Smith, Simpson and Co.*—9th, *Matrimony, Sweethearts and Wives, A Year in an Hour*—10th, *Rosina, Every one has his Fault, Fish out of Water*—12th, *Twelve Precisely, Sweethearts and Wives, Family Jars*—13th, *Love Laughs at Locksmiths, Exchange no Robbery, Fish out of Water*—14th, *Rosina, Sweethearts and Wives, Two Strings to your Bow*—15th, *She Stoops to Conquer, Mrs. Smith, Simpson and Co.*—16th, *My Grandmother, Married and Single, A Year in an Hour*—17th, *Matrimony, Married and Single, Agreeable Surprise*—19th, *Married and Single, Sweethearts and Wives*—20th, *Married and Single, Marriage of Figaro*—21st, *Seeing is Believing, Married and Single, Lord of the Manor*—22nd, *A Day after the Wedding, Married & Single, Beggar's Opera*—23rd, *Mrs. Smith, Married and Single, Two Pages of Frederick the Great*—24th, *Married and Single, Lock and Key, Katharine and Petruccio.*

MARRIED AND SINGLE.

"Aye! now we shall do," says the Duke Aranza to his wife, when she brings the wine "in a jug;" and so say we to Mr. POOLE, who, after presenting us with the "shakings" from his brain, in "*A Year and a Day*!" after having taken this "ditch-water," we exclaim at tasting. "*Married and Single*," "Aye! now we shall do." This piece is of course from the French, "real Parisian," as the orange-boys warrant "real St. Michael's." The plot is composed of the gallantries of a conceited sexagenary, who, leaving his wife at Kensington, woos like the old senator in "*Venice Preserved*;" he is everything and nothing, "now a dog," and now a philanthropist. He has a strange assortment of feelings and dispositions, his fancies are varied as a haberdasher's ribband-box; and FARREN does a great deal with this *lusus naturæ*,—he makes

the audience laugh, and that is the great object of the Haymarket audience. It is a whimsical and good performance. COOPER plays *Milford* as well as *Milford* can possibly expect to be served, and VINING, as *Scumper*, a footman with the usual quantum of shuffle and duplicity, is clever;—POPE, as *Mr. Bickerton*, only wants a club to be a perfect representative of one of the wooden men of St. Dunstan's. Mrs. GLOVER played with spirit, as did Mrs. T. HILL; Mrs. C. JONES, as *Mrs. Shatterley*, FARREN's neglected spousa, gave a good coloring to the mere outline drawn by the author. The piece possesses no great fund of wit; there is no magazine of repartee, two or three harmless squibs that have for their report a pop against marriage, are let off, but these things are quite harmless, their powder wouldn't, as Warren says of his blacking, "soil the finest linen."

ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

July 3rd, *Barber of Seville, Monkey Island*; or, *Harlequin and the Loadstone Rock*—5th, *Barber of Seville, Pantomime*—6th, *Military Tactics, Tom Thumb, Pantomime*—7th, *Barber of Seville, Pantomime*—8th, *Military Tactics, Maid and Maggie, Pantomime*—9th, *Barber of Seville, Pantomime*—10th, *Maid and Maggie, Military Tactics, Pantomime*—12th, *Guy Mannering, Pantomime*—13th, *Devil's Bridge, Pantomime*—14th, *Love in a Village, Pantomime*—15th, *Military Tactics, Maid and Maggie, Presumption*—16th, *Barber of Seville, Pantomime*—17th, *Guy Mannering, Pantomime*—19th, *Military Tactics, Miller's Maid, Presumption*—20th, *Military Tactics, Free and Easy, Pantomime.*

MONKEY ISLAND.

A comic pantomime is a novelty at the English Opera; and its novelty rather than its ingenuity, continues to attract good half-prices. ELLAR and GRIMALDI invigorate every thing, and what might otherwise be barren, is thus well stocked with twistings, jokes, satires and transformations. The elder GRIMALDI, (that MUNDEN of pantomime) is forthcoming, and then farewell to blue devils and reflection. GRIMALDI is a national benefit, and *must not* be indisposed—parliament should vote a sum of the public money to keep a staff of physicians in perpetual attendance.

MILITARY TACTICS.

A little piece, from the French, has been produced under this title, and repeated with success: it is however a mere version of "*Match-making*," performed at the Hay-market last season. We like these one act pieces at this time of the year—little summer sketches, soon told and soon forgotten—it requires no exertion of faculty to settle them—but we do not so much admire "*Military Tactics*;" it is not vivacious enough for its character of comedy—it should be a hit and off again—here, the sparring is kept up through the piece, but the gloves are ultimately thrown down without a blow. BARTLEY, as the pragmatical old match-maker, presented to us the same round, animated visage, which always renders him a welcome visitor.—POWER, as the Colonel, was better company than young colonels of the present day are found to be; and WRENCH was quite as comical as the author would permit. We are happy in again seeing Mr. PEARMAN at the English Opera; the execution of a military air which he introduced, convinced us that his taste is not perverted, and

that his voice has not suffered from the huskiness of the season. Nor will we forget Miss POVEY—our ear was "never better fed," than with her music and chit chat in "*Military Tactics*."

THE DEVIL'S BRIDGE.

This operatical melodrame introduced Mr. BRAHAM, for the second time at this house, as *Count Belino*, and his execution of the music was as usual most effective. *Is there a Heart*, and *Fancy's Sketch*, were most unhesitatingly *encored*. The part of *Marcelli* was sustained by Mr. BENNET from Covent Garden, with some success; but Mr. B's mind, like his features, is not pliable, not capable of painting the varying complexions of passion, even in melodrame—he might well have said in *Marcelli*,—"oh! hardness to dissemble." The part is too light for Mr. BENNET. *Fabrico*, such as he is, was well played by COOKE, and the *Baron Toraldi* was sustained by Mr. C. F. YOUNG, the American debutant. If this gentlemen bears the stamp and likeness of his professional countrymen, we know not whom to liken them to, unless indeed to the gentlemen from another part of America, who appeared at this house some seasons ago, and to whom our friend *Jack Topham* makes reference. Mr. YOUNG is not like any one here, if we except the notorious (theatrically speaking) JOHN POWELL; but it is JOHN POWELL in a passion—for Mr. Y. has an habit of shaking his cheeks and turning round his eye—you may almost hear them rattle in his head—then to complete the picture,

—"His passion more to breathe,
"Having no heart to shew, he shews his teeth."

Mr. Y. must not think us inhospitable, but his talents are of the "raw material" indeed. KEE-

LEY's *Pietro* was more than amusing. Miss NOEL again appeared as the *Countess*, and was welcomed with considerable applause; it would be unfair to deny that this lady adds much musical acquirement to some compass of voice—her tones, however, are sometimes too shrieking. Miss KELLY, as *Laurette*, was what she always must be, enthusiastically natural—amid all the delightful actresses that hourly flit before us, whether in humour or in pathos, Miss K. is still alone—alone! who could rival Miss KELLY?

Mr. PHILLIPS, an old vocal favourite, has re-appeared, as *Count Almaviva*, in '*The Barber of Seville*.' Time, that fell destroyer of all earthly things, has, like an impenetrable Chief Justice, suffered Mr. P. to hold forth so long, that his latter efforts, though possessing skill and beauty, are yet wanting in strength and boldness.—But Brougham is still Brougham at the conclusion of a five-hours' oration, and Mr. PHILLIPS is still a singer and musician.—But where were the light fancies of that arch-schemer *Figaro*? CHAPMAN was as harsh as the Surrey hall-door keeper to the numberless enquirers for Mr. WILLIAMS—vivacity there was none—CHAPMAN is at the best but a bottle of tolerable ale; but on this evening, as *Artaxomines* saith—

"The loud thunder turn'd the liquor sour;"

Every drop we tasted gave us the shivers. BARTLEY's *Bartolo* was excellent. A Miss HARVEY made the trembling curtesy of a debutante as *Rosina*. She is a young lady possessing considerable promise as an actress and singer; but she yet wants discrimination for the one, and science for the other—*tout viendra avec le tems*.

The "*Maid and the Magpie*" gave us the inimitable KELLY:—

she who, like a sea nymph, dresses herself in "Nature's glass," and as she wills, conjures up sympathy, and wakens mirth.—She who, as *Titania's* vassal, "hangs a pearl" in feeling's eye, and scatters smiles in mirthful cheeks—the female GARRICK of the British stage.—Her *Annette* was all soul and feminine loveliness—a touching appeal to the best sympathies. Her *Madge*, in "*Love in a Village*," equally beautiful in her quaint and rustic sorrows—they are pictures which we cannot describe with justice, but must revere "in silent admiration." POWER, as *Blaisot*, was rather strange, but after having heard him

"—once or twice,
The ear becomes more Irish, and less nice."

PHILLIPS, as *Young Meadows*, in "*Love in a Village*," justified our first opinion, as did Miss HARVEY as *Rosetta*. The lively Miss POVEY was good-natured and melodious as *Lucinda*;—and "breathes there a man with soul so dead," who, after having heard BRAHAM's "*Friend of my Soul*," does not in his fancy, like the sea shell, retain the murmurs of the waves' sweet song? Nor must BROADHURST, the Corydon of singers, be forgotten. BARTLEY's *Justice Woodcock* was clever, and put us in mind of the wisdom of Mr. Holme Sumner. RAYNER's *Hodge* was a tolerable chalk sketch. Mr. MINTON played the *Cook*, and with the customary wit of the character, fell down most humorously, and with irresistible talent shewed his legs.—Are these things settled at rehearsal? If not,—what does King David, the Prompter say?

SURREY THEATRE.

This house has again changed its master: we know not what the new management may be, but it is impossible that it should aim more

successfully to degrade *minor* theatricals than the late proprietor of the Surrey Theatre has done—a theatre which used to fill nightly at first price; now we walk into the pit and see nothing but the red baize upon the benches; it was thronged at a time when the colour of the plain ceiling was distained, and the paint worn from the box-doors—and it is not deserted now because of its gas chandelier, velvet draperies, and gilt mouldings. The truth is, that a man of the meanest understanding feels ashamed to be found listening to such ribaldry and vulgarity as are designated melo-dramas at this house. They are too much even for common sense to endure.

The *Bertram* of MATURIN (a writer, who, had he written only *Melmoth*, must have ranked high among the poets of feeling) afforded the long-absent HUNTLEY an opportunity of returning to that audience, which well remembers *what he was*, and looks with pain upon *what he is*. We rather praise him for what he would have done, than for what he did, though all the energies of his mind and frame were brought to the majesty of *Bertram*—but they were the uncertain flashings of a light which gives a false promise ere its extinction. Still we hope to see Mr. H. restored to his melo-dramatic realm—his subjects are still faithful to him. The friar was respectably played by CARTLICH; and *Aldobrand* was entrusted to a Mr. HAINES, of whom, as he did not appear often, we will make no complaint. Mrs. SHEPPARD heaves forth her griefs like a sea—she aims too much at *appearing* to be a fine actress, *to be* one, we cannot sympathize moreover with so *tall* a woman. Miss KIMBELL is—merely Miss KIMBELL: we wish she could be something else.

The re-opening has commenced

(after some alteration of company) with a new piece, entitled "*Blanca Rubea*," the writer of which, if a young man, should be debarred the use of pen and ink—if an old man, we would pluck a single white hair from his head, and casting it before him as a certificate of time, bid him "*sin no more*." Oh, that men should write when they ought to measure bobbin! We do not profess to give a long detail of the plot of every silly melodrama that is played; but we do profess to tell our readers whether it be good or bad—"Blanca Rubea" is decidedly *bad*. There is nothing (if we except some scenery by TOMKINS) to interest, to surprise, or to amuse. ROWBOTHAM appeared as a conspirator, a *Pierre* without a soul, and talked and walked alternately, without effect. A Mr. YOUNG, (the fourth of the name) held up a pair of "unwashed hands" to the presiding deities, discoursed upon national independence, mouthed with a deep voice, exhibited a stone visage, and evinced himself a surprising *amateur*, but *not an actor*. HARWOOD does not seem to be popular—he is not well used—nobody laughs at HARWOOD! we cannot see why he should not be the SLOMAN of the Surrey; we are positive he is equally insane. HEMMINGS may become respectable; but he should cross the stage with somewhat more dignity. GRANT has lost his teeth and his intellects too, if he ever had any; and Mrs. SHEPPARD, who enacted the "*heroine of Padua*," was loud and masculine as *minor* author could desire. We have looked over the foregoing, and deliver it as true, word for word—
"So now all things are dam'd, one feels at ease."

The "*Falls of Clyde*," which succeeded, was infinitely better every way, and may tend to re-

trieve the fallen character of the theatre.

COBURG THEATRE.

The accession of the "new management," has been marked with diligence and success. The "*Avenger*" is, what is satirically called, an *imposing* piece—somewhat heavy, but affording good scope for acting, and scenic magnificence. Messrs. COBHAM, BURROUGHS and BENGOUGH, have metal committed to them, which they laboured industriously, and partially succeeded in transmuting into gold; it is a sure test of the power of the actor, when he can become this mental alchemist.

DAVIDGE's low comedy, though rather too *elderly*, is less doleful than that of his predecessor Mr. D. introduced a song which we remember to have heard HARLEY sing with less effect.

A bustling nondescript piece has been produced, under the title of "*M. P.*" the main incident of which is taken from a very clever burletta, performed some time since at the Olympic, called "*Love's Vagaries*," the original effect, however, is totally destroyed in the amended copy; and nothing but the perseverance and pleasantries of BURROUGHS, who, as *Young Dashon*, an inspired actor, swallows eggs, breaks open letters, commits forgery, and makes love, (which may be called, "obtaining goods under false pretences,") could have carried it beyond the second night. We do not like, moreover, such unnecessary exposures of stage miseries as are introduced into "*M. P.*" We never see an actor represented, but we find him a light, mindless, scheming fellow—without thought, character, or conscience—running into every extreme, and descending to any imposture for the consummation of a dinner—but is this indeed *an actor*! the man by whom the creations of our dramatists are embodied—in

whose shape and being they must be seen? no more of it! Society knows and *feels* enough without these kings'-evidence confessions; they throw an air of ridicule and discredit upon the whole profession. BURROUGHS, in such parts as *Dashon*, has certainly no rival upon the minor boards. We admire Mr. LE CLERG upon his *heels*, but not upon his *head*—his *brains* was not made to dance, having a *sinecure* by nature. LEWIS reminded us of a Sunday-dressed man-milliner come out "for a walk." ANDREWS will be found useful when a chance is afforded him; and Mrs. DAVIDGE is as *light* as she is *heavy*—this may be a paradox—it is *true*.

The revival of "*Wallace*," restored to Mr. COBHAM his original character; some parts of which were given with a classic force, an ancient expression, which distinguishes Mr. C. from his immediate competitors; and links him to the long chain of his dramatic brethren whose efforts have been devoted to high pursuits. Miss WATSON is the Miss KELLY of her sphere; her *Helen Marr* was justly appreciated by a full house. There was nothing more in the piece of any importance, except the appearance of Mrs. MAKEEN, as *Marian*, and the whiskers of Mr. BLANCHARD; we are told of a high wager depending, that this singular actor will have dashed his *brains* out before the coming of the next Christmas pantomime—for ourselves, we deny the *possibility* of the fact.

VAUXHALL.

This place has been well attended; the fire-works have been uniformly brilliant—the late thunderstorms have not soured the bottled-porter; and the roasted pullets have the full dimensions accorded them by Buffon. To be serious, Vauxhall has been well filled, and deserves to be.

THE MIRROR OF THE STAGE,

AND

New Theatrical Inquisitor.

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COBURG THEATRE.—SADLER'S WELLS.—Review of Married and Single.—Miss Paton and Lord L*****—Mr. BUNN—CHIT-CHAT, morceaus, &c. &c.

Embellished with an elegantly Engraved Portrait of

MR. BUCKINGHAM,

As Trapbois, in the Fortunes of Nigel.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

In answer to "DEMANDE," why our publication has been so irregular, we can only reply by future punctuality. In fact for our late conduct

"_____ we are very much ashamed,

"And mean *henceforward* to be quite reclaimed."

Our publications latterly have been as wild and uncertain as the discharge of MATHEWS's militia-pieces: but the "engines of war" being now in *other hands*, we shall keep up a regular fire, so that every actor may have the satisfaction of execrating us on each alternate Monday, at a ten o'clock rehearsal.

"HAMLET'S" poetry to Miss TREE, is perhaps entitled to publicity, but the subject has "grown to seeds;" and the writer may learn from *Don Juan*, that "worlds miscarry when too oft they pup."

T. and CLAUDIUS may appear.

J. B. B. if possible in our next.

To the threats of A MINOR ACTOR—Ha! Ha!

Our thanks are due to BRIEFLESS: should *SLONAN* *come us*, B. shall be employed.

We are informed that the Vice Society intend to prosecute Miss Treby for a want of due decency in public. We do not think the *lady* errs from a grossness, but a total want of, mind.

Many Correspondents will find their epistles at the Post Office. Our Publisher cannot receive Unpaid Letters.

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MR BUCKINGHAM AS TRAPBOIS
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